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FANCY WOOL WORK,  
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128,  
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VOL. I.  
No. 16.

CITY

March 3,  
1876.

# JACKDAW

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MARCH 3, 1876.]

THE CITY JACKDAW.

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PRIZE MEDAL VICTORIA

EXCELS ALL.

INDIGESTION PREVENTED!

LOOK AND LEARN.

RECOMMENDED BY THE FACULTY.

USED EXTENSIVELY.

ADMIRER BY ALL.

### ANALYSTS' REPORTS.

ANALYTICAL LABORATORY, SURGEON'S HALL, EDINBURGH, 20TH JANUARY, 1875.

I have carefully analysed the Baking Powder manufactured by Mr. W. H. Williamson, of Manchester, and find such to be excellent quality, and well fitted for the purpose.

STEPHENSON MACADAM, Ph.D., Lecturer in Chemistry.

REPORT OF DR. A. H. HASSALL.

26TH JANUARY, 1875.

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ARTHUR HILL HASSALL, M.D.,

Author of "Food and its Adulterations," "Adulterations Detected," and late Editor of "Food, Water, and Air."

REPORT OF LOUIS SIEBOLD, Esq., ANALYTICAL CHEMIST.

225, OXFORD STREET, MANCHESTER, FEBRUARY 6TH, 1875.

Mr. W. H. WILLIAMSON.

Dear Sir,—I have carefully analysed the sample of your Baking Powder which you left with me, and beg to report that it is made from pure materials, mixed in well-calculated proportions. It contains nothing injurious to health, and will perfectly answer the purpose for which it is made. Being packed in boxes, it will keep much better than similar preparations packed in paper only.

I remain, dear sir, yours respectfully,

LOUIS SIEBOLD, F.C.S.

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This Company is formed for the purpose of acquiring Land at New Brighton, situate and facing the estuary of the river Mersey, in the county of Chester, and for erecting thereupon an Aquarium, Public and Private Baths, an Hotel (having 50 bedrooms), and a large Skating Rink. For Prospectuses and Particulars, apply to the Brokers, as above; or to the Secretary,

**Mr. J. ROBERTSON, 13, Manchester Chambers, 46a, Market Street, Manchester.**

# THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 16.]

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, MARCH 3, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

## HALLE'S CONCERTS SOCIALLY CONSIDERED.

No. I.

MR. CHARLES HALLE'S concerts are unique of their kind, there being in no other town in the kingdom concerts in which high-class music is so regularly provided for the public. These concerts are to young people very much what clubs or bar-parlours are to grown-up men. It would be interesting to know how many go to the Free Trade Hall on Thursday nights purely for the enjoyment of classical music. Naturally there are a few who really are enthusiasts, and these may be picked out in the audience by their attention to the music, and by the regularity with which they bring, especially on oratorio nights, the books of the music. But let us look at the rest of the audience. The young gentleman who enters with a self-satisfied air is engaged at present to the girl who hangs on his arm. He is very proud of the fact, and hopes that everybody is looking at him: but then those who know him well are aware that he has only got engaged for the concert season, and that as soon as March approaches he will break the engagement off. He was engaged to another girl last concert season, and he will have a third in 1877, and all because it is considered the proper thing to have a good-looking girl sitting next him, and so he goes with the times. It would hardly be fair to impeach Mr. Hallé, and charge him with causing these limited engagements, but, after all, little harm is done, for, as a rule, the girl is quite aware of the fugitive character of the contract. Of course there is a great preponderance of ladies at these concerts, but no one has a right to sneer at them on that account, for are not our churches and chapels open to the same imputation?

There are some gentlemen at these concerts. There are, as we have seen, the limited liability engaged gentlemen, and then there are all the newly-married men in town. We are in their confidence, and they tell us that, for the first year after their marriage, they must go. They would hardly be recognised as married if they did not go, and, besides, their wives have some authority just immediately after marriage. But it is something awful to hear them growl when neither their wives nor any of their lady friends are present. They sometimes swear. But, after all, they should not make such a fuss, for, if they will get married, they must take Hallé's concerts into the bargain. They dare not even go out during the interval, or, if they do, there is a row. No one expects to see a young married man at the concerts in the second year of his married life, for by that time he has recovered his independence, and he generally manages to get a sister or some lady friend to accompany his wife, while he, meanwhile, plays whist at a friend's house, and calls round for his wife on the road home. Parsons, to be sure, swarm in every part of the hall, for Hallé's is considered quite clerical, and is, indeed, their only dissipation. They always have a bevy of ladies with them, for, where the parsons swarm, there come they. The parsons and their ladies are never to be found in the same seats two nights in succession, for they don't subscribe, but always get tickets sent to them by grateful congregations. They never know how to find their seats, and have to be led to them by the attendants, and it is amusing to see them looking as if they knew all about the place, and were regular habitués. It is a remarkable fact also, that if ever one experiences rudeness at a concert—say about seats—it is sure to be from an underbred lady, and, if by chance it is not, then it is from a parson.

[To be continued.]

## IS MR. CHARLEY TO REPRESENT SALFORD?



WE have been requested to publish the following letter:—

“House of Commons, February 28, 1876.

“Dear Mr. Jackdaw,—I see by a report in the *Manchester Examiner* of to-day—a paper which I always read, because, like myself, it is so fearless in its opinions—that the Broughton Liberals have just been holding their annual meeting. As usual at such affairs (sic), there was a good deal of bombastic talk, and Mr. William Mather fairly overstepped all bounds of decency in talking about the great Conservative party of Salford. Now, sir, why I write to you is because I am informed you have, whether rightly or wrongly, become the mouthpiece of that shattered and broken remnant of so-called progress—the Liberal party of Lancashire. I put the question to you quietly, and without getting myself at all in a passion—What the printer's devil do you mean by encouraging the Liberals to try and drive me out of Salford? Am not I the chosen of the people of that constituency? Have I not served their interests as no other man could? and has not my honesty prevented me from accepting certainly more than one offer of county court judgeships? It's idle for the Salford Liberals to talk as they do; they haven't a leg to stand upon, and but for Mr. William Mather and a host of his friends having personated many a dead and true Conservative [R.I.P.] in the city of Manchester, Mr. Jacob Bright would never have had a seat in the House of Commons. I have this upon the authority of that great and good Conservative, Councillor Marshall, who, as everybody knows, had ample opportunity of seeing, as he was a presiding officer in one of the polling booths. Talk about a Liberal reaction in Lancashire as much as you like, but the day of reckoning will come; and I'll bet you that, if an election were to take place to-morrow, at the head of the poll would be placed (though I am not so certain of Mr. Cawley's return)—Your distinguished friend,

WILLIAM THOMAS CHARLEY.”

## ARCHDEACON ANSON AND THE ALLIGATOR.



A VALUED correspondent sends us an account of an episode which took place on the banks of the Nile last week, in which a high clerical dignitary of Manchester took part. Archdeacon Anson and a number of gentlemen are at present sojourning in Egypt, and if one of them is to be believed, the Archdeacon, whose health we are glad to hear is rapidly improving, undertook to deliver an address to a large party of tourists on the classic banks of the Nile. The weather was extremely hot, and to shade his reverend head the venerable Archdeacon had mounted upon one of the boughs of an immense palmyra tree overhanging the stream. In the midst of the Archdeacon's discourse—whether attracted by the gloriously warm rays of the sun which fell upon the placid face of the Nile, or by the charming sing-song strains of the Archdeacon's voice, or through a weakness for a clerical meal, a huge alligator thrust his head out of the water. The danger to the party was great, and many of those present fled in horror; but the Archdeacon was fully equal to the emergency. He threw what was nearest at hand into the ponderous jaws of the huge brute, which bolted it greedily, and immediately afterwards turned on its back. The dose proved fatal; it was only an old volume of the Archdeacon's sermons, bound in calf!

N.B.—The Archdeacon and his friends afterwards dined off young crocodiles, and having got outside of several camels, went in search of dessert—not the great desert.

E. JAMIESON & Co., FASHIONABLE TAILORS, Real SCOTCH Tweed SUITS from £2,—275, CHAPEL STREET, SALFORD.

## JACOB TAKES HIS SEAT!

WE have it on the best authority that the following interesting conversation took place between Mr. John Bright, Sir Thomas Bazley, and Mr. Jacob Bright, as they approached the Speaker's chair, on the honourable candidate's introduction to the House of Commons a few nights ago.

*Mr. John Bright.* I say, Jacob, take thy hands out of thy pockets, and don't look as if thou wert going to be made a Mason of.

*Mr. Jacob Bright.* Yes, John.

*Sir Thomas Bazley.* I told you how it would be, Jack; I knew he hadn't the courage to face the Speaker, with the largest number of votes round his neck ever given to any member. Hadn't he better have a nip to keep up his courage?

*Mr. Jacob Bright.* Thank you.

*Mr. John Bright.* After you, Jacob.

*Sir Thomas Bazley.* I looks towards you.

*Sergeant-at-Arms.* Order! Order! for the Chaplain.

[The Speaker shortly afterwards shook hands warmly with the member for Manchester, and was heard by several indignant members of the Conservative side of the House to say, "Not now, John! we'll wash his yed—as you say in Lancashire—after the House is up!"]

## LONELINESS.

[BY A LONELY ONE.]

THE sparrow chirps upon the tiles,  
The frogs in marshes sing,  
Expressing in their various styles  
A greeting to the spring.  
Now sings the thrush  
Where waters gush,  
Or on the hills  
Away from rills.

The spring unto all living things,  
Except, alas, to me,  
A mate or a companion brings  
(Some beasts have two or three).  
So this is why  
They testify  
To what they feel  
With chirp and squeal.

The animal its life enjoys  
When it a mate has got,  
It says so when it makes a noise  
(Alas! a mate I've not).  
While noise they make  
My heart doth ache,  
I must confess,  
With loneliness.

'Tis hard that every beast and bird  
Should tantalise me so,  
For even worms, as I have heard,  
Have got a mate, you know.  
'Tis very sad,  
And quite too bad,  
That I alone  
No mate should own.

## DISTINGUISHED CONVERTS.

LAST week the *City Jackdaw* was the only publication in the city which announced the rumour that Mr. J. W. Maclure had been proposed as a member of the Reform Club. As the rumour turned out to be correct, and as a nice little squabble has arisen out of it, we give a few more bits of gossip in the hope that further mischief may be promoted:—

On dit Mr. J. A. Bremner has signified his intention of becoming a member of the Conservative Club, if any two gentlemen will propose him.

Mr. Benjamin Armitage (Black Ben) has undertaken to preach at the Free Trade Hall, in the event of Mr. Wm. Birch being laid up with a couple of black eyes—a free-will offering from Mr. J. W. Maclure.

Mr. Leresche, barrister-at-law, has joined an Orange lodge. Mr. Tom moved, and Mr. Taggart seconded, his nomination.

Dean Cowie has consented to receive a deputation from the Protestant Protestants' Association, when it is expected that he will explain the reasons why he would have voted for Mr. Bright—had he had a vote.

Sir John Hles Mantel has consented to be patron of the Three Card Trick Association.

Mr. Robert Leake is a candidate for the vacancy in the office of chairman of the Conservative party in Manchester.

Mr. Barker, of the United Kingdom Alliance, has generously given five guineas to the Licensed Victuallers' Relief Fund.

Mr. Candelel has been placed on the *Alliance* newspaper free list.

The proprietor of the Thatched House has received a telegram from the Prince of Wales, asking to be made a member of the Cork Club.

The Town Clerk is to be raised to a baronetcy if the Queen is invited to open the New Town Hall.

Mr. Stanway Jackson has been converted by Mr. Mackonochie to High Church views, and expects shortly to be installed in the living of "Allmyeye."

A new limited liability company is about to be started for converting Dutch and American cheeses into Stilton—for natives only.

## IS THE MAYOR TO BE KNIGHTED?

THE following letters, we have reason to believe, have passed through the post:—

I.

*From Councillor — to Alderman —.*

My dear Sir,—I think it is extremely important that steps should be taken to decide when the New Town Hall shall actually be opened. Of course you, equally with myself, are aware that it is not at all a matter of contractors' convenience. It can be finished any time after August, but, if it is deemed necessary, the work can be prolonged until after the next mayor's day. The question really resolves itself into this: Shall it be opened during Curtis's mayoralty, or shall the ceremony be delayed until we have put someone else in his place? Who is to receive the honour of knighthood? For, of course, Her Most Gracious Majesty will feel bound to bestow it when she visits Manchester in person. I am of opinion that we should have a new mayor; not that I have anything to say against C., but still, you know, there are many others who might fill the chair. We must commence work at once, if you hold with me, or otherwise we shall not be able to prevent the contractors getting their work done, and then there will be no excuse for delaying the opening.—Yours faithfully,

II.

*From Alderman — to Councillor —.*

Dear Sir,—I am very glad indeed that you have opened up the subject, as it is one that demands instant attention. I am quite with you, and so are a few others, but we should not be able to command a majority in the Council if we made an absolute fight to delay the opening until next year. Besides it would look ill-natured and spiteful—which, between you and me and the lamp-post, it is—for Curtis has undoubtedly the right to be tapped on the shoulder by Her Majesty if the work is completed during his year of office. We must work up our friends in the Council, and endeavour to form a party of obstructives, in order to gain our ends. There's B—and T—and H—, all anxious to have it delayed, and they do not scruple to say the New Town Hall can never be finished in time. Suppose we consult Jo Heron—sound him, I mean, as to his views? He might be with us.—Yours truly,



## III.

*From Councillor — to Alderman —.*

My dear Sir,—Your suggestion is an admirable one, and, as you will see, I have acted upon it. By the way, have you heard that ill-natured rumour people are circulating about you? How the deuce could it have leaked out? They actually say that you intend going in for the mayoralty and the knighthood! What do you think of that, old boy? You must tell me if you do, but I am with you, if you have absolutely made up your mind. It would be a good thing for your family, and, besides, you have plenty of money to support the dignity. Below is the copy of my letter to Jo.

[COPY.]

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

My dear Sir Joseph,—I write to you upon a very delicate subject, but I trust you will not be irate (that's one of your own words) when you have read this note. Acting in concert with Alderman —, I write to ask you if you think by any series of accidents the opening of the New Town Hall could be delayed until next year? It's just possible, isn't it? You needn't say "Yes" outright; but a wink's as good as a nod, you know. You, of course, could manage it, and you are just as likely to be alive next year as this, whereas others are not—I mean in their corporation lives of course. Send a note to me at my shop—not my private residence, for the old woman might see it and send it to the papers.—Yours faithfully,

## IV. AND LAST.

*From the Town Clerk to Alderman — and Councillor —.*

Gentlemen,—I see through your little game perfectly, but I have not yet decided how to act. Of course it remains with me as to when the Town Hall shall be opened, who shall be knighted, and all the rest; and so deeply impressed am I with the responsibility of the trust, that I must consider deeply what I shall do under the circumstances. In the meanwhile do all you can, secretly, to obtain the opinions of your brother councillors and aldermen, but do not let the public know, on any account, what is going on. It would never do to expose the petty jealousies which you weak-minded Corporation men allow yourselves to be influenced by. I wish, once for all, you would mind your committee-work, and leave me to settle important matters like these. It would be better for all.—Faithfully yours,

J. HERON.

Query.—How much of the information herein conveyed is true, and how much false, we leave it to certain town councillors to answer.

## THE OLD FOGIE IN AUSTRALIA.

[GETTING MARRIED.]

I WILL now proceed to tell you  
Something more of the adventures  
Which occurred to the Old Fogie  
When he was in far Australia.  
You will say, perhaps, they are not  
Worthy to be called adventures,  
And especially of this one—  
Of the one which I'm about to  
Offer you for your attention—  
You will say, perhaps, that marriage  
Is an every-day occurrence.  
In Australia it is not so,  
Where the gum trees throw their shadows,  
And the kangaroos go hopping  
On their hind legs in the long grass,  
And the brilliant parrots cluster  
On the boughs, and feed upon the  
Various kinds of seeds they find there,  
Of which seeds they drop the husks down  
On the heads of lonely shepherds.  
In the region I'm describing  
There are kangaroos and parrots,  
Cockatoos there are in plenty,

And a plentiful supply of  
Beasts and birds, whose various names are  
Far too numerous to mention.  
Only woman the consoler—  
She who shares man's joys and sorrows—  
She who cares for him in sickness—  
She who cooks and washes for him—  
She is absent from the Bushland.  
Few and far between the fair ones,  
In the hot and dreary Bushland;  
And in proof of my assertion  
I will mention, I will tell you  
That a shepherd, whom I knew there,  
Who, by chance, had brought his wife there,  
Having no tobacco by him,  
And no means of buying any,  
Sold her to a passing stranger—  
To his wife I am alluding—  
Swapped her for a pound of pigtail,  
For a pound of Irish twist he  
Sold the helpmeet of his bosom,  
And she didn't seem to mind it.

Once I chanced to be residing,  
Just for change of air and leisure,  
In a township on the sea coast,  
In a seaport town they called it.  
And a ship came in from Ireland  
With a cargo, among other  
Things too numerous to mention,  
Of as fine and fair young women  
As you'd care to set your eyes on.  
They had come to seek their fortune,  
Hearing that in far Australia  
Was a scarcity of females.  
Sudden the idea struck me  
That the bush was very lonesome,  
So I acted on the notion  
And I sought a comely damsel,  
Chose the comeliest among them—  
Comeliest in my idea;  
And a week and more I woo'd her,  
Till one day she said unto me,  
To my question quick responsive,  
"I will go with you my husband;"  
Which she did, to my confusion,  
For she made my life a burden.

Now, as soon as we arrived at  
Our location in the Bushland  
She began to nag and grumble;  
Told me it was very lonely  
Staying all the day at home with,  
As she said, no soul to speak to,  
And I said I could not help it—  
She should find some occupation,  
Such as washing, mending, cooking,  
But she did not seem to see it;  
And her grumbling worse and worse grew,  
Till her tongue and other matters,  
Which it's needless here to mention,  
Brought my patience to a climax.  
So one day I took the damper,  
Which was not her manufacture,  
But my own—she was too lazy—  
In two equal shares I broke it;  
To my wife I gave the one half,  
And myself I kept the other,  
And I said "I'm going this way,  
You can go by any other  
Which may happen best to suit you."  
And I kept my word and left her,  
And she didn't seem to mind it.

After that I never saw her,  
And I cannot even tell you  
Whether she is dead or living.  
Now, however, as I'm writing  
In my lodgings down in Strangeways,  
I should feel no hesitation,  
Did I think the step a wise one,  
In espousing Mrs. Clarkson—  
Of my landlady I'm speaking—  
For it is not very likely  
She would come from far Australia—  
To my wife I am alluding—  
Even were she in existence,  
Just to claim me as her husband.



## WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

**T**HAT Mr. Leresche, the barrister, carries his High Church views to such an extent that he refuses to accept any cheques from Broad Church and Nonconformist solicitors unless they're crossed.

That his defence of the Dean was frightfully against the etiquette of the bar, seeing that he hadn't been retained by an attorney.

That one of Matthews' darkie troupe, on being told that the Burials Bill is likely to pass, observed "Bury good."

That the sexton at All Saints has begun to dig his own grave, as he's afraid the Dean's support to the bill is sure to ex-spadeite its passing.

That a weather prophet in Market Street has discovered that the best way to stop rain from coming down—is to put your umbrella up the spout.

That Mr. Stutter desires it to be known that he doesn't write letters for either Mr. Maclure or Mr. Win. Birch, Junr.

That had Mr. Maclure been properly proposed as a member of the Reform Club, he would have been unanimously carried—upstairs to bed some time afterwards.

That Mr. Birch's joke was entirely due to an extra glass of toddy in honour of the election.

That had he come under Mr. Maclure, J.P.'s, hands the next day, he might have found himself in cus-toddy.

That both Mr. Maclure and Mr. Birch, to make up for their sins, are going to be "fast" men during Lent.

That Mr. Ben Armitage (grey Ben) is desperately wild at his relative (black Ben) being so Benighted as to be taken in by an itinerant professor.

That in the event of an inquiry being instituted as to who was at the bottom of the joke, Sir Joseph Heron and two or three other leading Radicals of Manchester are likely to be called upon to resign.

That Councillor Muirhead, who is distinguished for his love of sport, has just been scented and unearthed at the Reform Club, on the ground that he voted for the Tories.

That notwithstanding all that Mr. Reilly says, one of the most successful horse shows in the country was held at Old Trafford—the Royal.

## LESSONS IN NATURAL OBJECTS.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

**P**ERHAPS you suppose I've exhausted the bee As a subject, if so you are wrong, For that sort of thing never happens to me, I may say, just in going along; Besides, there are lots of remarks to be made By the diligent student of bees— But I will no longer the subject evade, But proceed to discourse at my ease.

I often have thought it was very hard lines On the bees, that the honey they store— Obtained from the heather and sweet eglantines, And such plants, and a great many more— I repeat, I am often inclined to regard The bee as a martyr to work, The treatment it gets is assuredly hard, Though in it a moral may lurk.

'Tis all very well to be busy and buzz— Though work is a nuisance to some— But why should a bee do the work that it does When it gets no reward for it? Come! A man who is busy will do that for tin Which he certainly wouldn't for love, So now you, perhaps, to discern will begin The lesson I've shadowed above.

The lesson is this, you may work, if you like, To benefit others, but he Will be wise who at barren employment will strike, Like that which is done by the bee.

'Tis all very well to be praised for the task Which may your exertions employ, But what is the use of that praise, I may ask, If you are no richer, my boy?

The insect on which I at present discourse, In spite of the store that it hides, Is robbed of that store, as a matter of course, And then a lot more it provides. It spends all its life in providing for man A supply of sweet honey, while he, If he chance the industrious insect to scan, Will say, "It is only a bee."

## A WALK IN THE COUNTRY.

[BY A NOVICE.]

**T**HERE were three of us who started, viz., the Old Fogie, the Hypochondriac, and myself. I may say, to prevent misapprehension, that there were three of us who came back—the same three. We took the train to Glossop on Saturday morning, and after we had partaken of some bread and cheese and beer, at the suggestion of the Hypochondriac, we were about to start to walk to Snake Inn, when the Old Fogie suddenly found it necessary to telegraph to his landlady. It seems he has now got into a place where he is not allowed a latch-key. He says he doesn't want one, that he is never out after ten o'clock, and so on; but I suspect that his landlady could tell another story, and that she deprives him of bachelor privileges in order to keep a check on him. However this may be, the Old Fogie stands in great awe of his landlady, and could not rest till he had telegraphed to her to say that he would not be back that night. Then we started in a drizzling rain. I believe that it always rains in those regions. There are travelling showers which beset the path of the wayfarer, and he can hardly walk a mile without being beset by one of them. The inhabitants of those regions must partake of the amphibious nature; they must from long experience have become rainproof and snow-proof. They never, I believe, carry umbrellas, and they feed principally upon milestones and heather-tops. I only surmise these things, because it was not our lot to see any of the natives until we had got over Snake Pass, and reached the inn, where we took up our quarters for the night. The chief incident of that journey was a villainous practical joke played upon us by the Lover of Nature, who had not joined our party. He said before we started, "Mind you don't get a drink before you reach the top of the hill, as the beer is bad; but there is a first-rate house at the top

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where it is capital." Following this advice, we walked on and on, and meeting with no public, were thirsty and morose, and, craning our necks at each bend of the road, looked out for the desired hostelry, but we never reached it, and landed at the Snake Inn all the better perhaps for not having had a drink on the way. I know I shall never believe in the ailments of the Hypochondriac any more, after seeing him eat ham and eggs that night, also baked potatoes for supper, and beefsteaks the next morning. The Old Fogie said the bread reminded him of damper. It was indeed somewhat unskillfully prepared, but the excellence of the beer and of the ham and eggs, made up for it. All this talk about eating and drinking is the fault of the fresh air, which caused us all, but especially the Hypochondriac, to eat and drink more in two days than in any ordinary working week. How we walked the next morning through Ashtopton, Hope, and Castleton, to Chapel-en-le-Frith, would take too long to relate. It was a glorious tramp, and the weather for the most part better than on the previous day. I may, however, record, that somewhere about halfway, the Hypochondriac, professing to have local knowledge, derived from walks for the benefit of his liver, told us of a safe and secret short cut, which ultimately landed us, after struggling through sundry quagmires, on the edge of a roaring and impassable torrent. In conclusion, I can thoroughly recommend as a specific for blues, bile, overwork, or any other disease which does not affect a man's legs, a walk through the Peak district; only from the last experience, I may beg it to be inferred that milestones and signposts are better guides than any quantity of local knowledge, unless people can enjoy as heartily as we did the fun of getting astray.

### THE RUDIMENTS OF LOCAL GRAMMAR.

[BY OUR OWN GRAMMARIAN.]

THE student in local grammar will find it a very useful exercise to detect the faults which lurk in specially prepared sentences, bearing in mind the rules which have formerly been given and commented on. The following relate more especially to the connection between verbs, nouns, and pronouns:—

A large quantity of oysters are annually consumed on the premises of the Manchester Exchange Limited. The native oysters is remarkable for the symmetry and smoothness of their shell. When the natives has been removed from these shells and ate, the shells should be carefully preserved and served up again with Dutch or American oysters on to them. Care must be took not to wash the shells, as the flavour of the natives are preserved for some time. In this way an excellent substitute for native oysters are obtained all the year round.

The printer's devil of the *Courier* writes to inform us that it wasn't him that forged the name of the Dean of Manchester in the columns of that invaluable publication.

Mr. W. Birch, Junior, would do well, for the future, to confine his self to the work of a mere evangelist. Why don't he try to convert Mr. Maclure, and set him thinking about his soul, instead of being proposed as a member of the Reform Club?

In answer to numerous inquiries, Mr. Reilly beg to state there is no ground at Old Trafford suitable for a horse-show.

In order to satisfy the public, which are anxious on the subject, Mr. Chadwick inform them that the neighbourhood of Old Trafford are highly salubrious, and free from those objectionable characteristics, &c.

There is more people talking about the election now than there was before it taken place.

Shrove Tuesday happening last week on the twenty-ninth of February, a thing as won't happen again for a hundred years.

The members of the Broughton Liberal Club was of great use during the election in securing the return of Mr. Jacob Bright; very few cases of personation was discovered.

### THE ELECTION CARNIVAL.

[BY HAL O' THE WYND.]



WE are almost inclined to appear before our readers this week with an apology for our existence. It seems as though the *Jackdaw's* occupation's gone. The province of scurrility and personal abuse, which has been assigned by some good people in Manchester as ours of prescriptive right, has been invaded by the daily press, whose columns for weeks past have teemed with very poor jokes, ribald verses, forged letters, and mystifications innumerable. The current *mot* at our expense, that it is impossible to tell what in the *Jackdaw* is serious and what satirical, has become applicable to the correspondence in our usually sober, practical, business-like contemporaries; and one can scarcely read a published letter, especially one which has the real name and address of the writer appended, without an uncomfortable suspicion that he is, or may be, the victim of the latest hoax. We should be sorry to suppose that the influence of our own naughty example should be held in any way responsible for this deplorable state of things. We maintain a distinct claim to any advantage that may arise from our invention and unscrupulousness, and should be sorry to find the product filtering away or running to seed in a diurnal channel. We mean to struggle on in our own devious ways, in the hope that things will mend. A revolution always brings in its wake an unsettled period. The adventurers to whom it has given employment can not all at once convert their spears into pruning hooks, and return immediately to the peaceful ways of domestic life. The Fenian disease in Ireland was accounted for with some degree of probability in this way, as a sort of back-wash of the American war. A hotly-contested election is on a small scale a revolution, and we suppose that the young bloods, who in the heat of the struggle have learned the use of unaccustomed weapons, will by and bye get over the temptation to use them when the hour of need has passed, and simmer gently down to their state of original humdrum and negative cynicism, leaving the questionable line of business in which they have embarked to professional hacks like ourselves, to whom its prosecution is bread and cheese. The election carnival must be nearly over, and the showers of pasquinades, and the flights of political flour bags and occasional rotten eggs, which are excusable, if at all, only at its height, have had their day. Then shall come the reign of *Jackdaw redivivus* and unapproached in its own peculiar walk.

In bidding good-bye to this merry warfare, into which it is possible, as indeed often happens in contests of purest wit, a dash of bitterness and misunderstanding may have found its way, it may be expected that we should make some historical record of the week's town talk. We are

USEFUL WEDDING PRESENTS AT KENNETH'S, 85, MARKET STREET, 85.

tempted naturally to notice at starting that "very pretty quarrel as it stands," between the chairman of Mr. Powell's committee and the organs of his party in Manchester and London. It is a source of unfeigned regret to us, and we venture to add to the public, whose curiosity was piqued by Mr. Maclure's half-revelations, that the malapert interference of the *Examiner* and *Times* should have stopped its further development. Honest onlookers have been deprived of an opportunity of making some interesting secrets their own, which they hoped to have enjoyed in this falling out of friends. Of course the *Examiner* has had its punishment, and we trust has taken it with becoming meekness. A Scotch proverb, which if it errs at all errs on the side of caution, counsels all and sundry to "beware of the redding straik"—that is to say, of interference in a neighbour's quarrel, whether the neighbours be nations or simply fishwives, lest, *Mercutio* like, you may get the worst of it between the two houses. The *Examiner's* interference was startling as a violation of the traditional policy of the Manchester newspapers. Apparently by common consent, our three excellent dailies have hitherto agreed in the most friendly way to ignore each other's existence, each being content to represent the particular phase of opinion or character with which, in the case at least of the two papers that have marked political opinions and character, their names are identified. Thus, those readers who are not members of clubs or the Athenæum, or the frequenters of public-houses in which more than one paper is taken, or who do not care individually to spend more than a penny a-day for news, are presented with a view of only one side of the triangle of Manchester public life. The Bishop, for example, who is reported never to read the *Courier*, misses the lucubrations of his faithful clergy which frequently diversify its columns; and all the long-winded declamation of the noble army of Church defenders are lost to him. In a similar way it happened not long ago that Mr. Jacob Bright lived for several days in happy ignorance of a violent attack that had been made upon him by the Rector of Bury. Returning, however, to the subject of our disappointment in Mr. Maclure's affair, we must decline altogether to accept our contemporary's humorous suggestion, that the active member of its staff, who hissed the Conservative chairman when he prepared the way before Mr. Disraeli in the advocacy of a household franchise in the boroughs, was the devil. That, of course, is only the *Courier's* fun. We know Mr. Maclure too well to believe that, on one of those rare occasions when he descends from his accustomed habit of solemn dignity to an indulgence in a personality, he should purposelessly leave out the sting. The *Courier*, of course, knows best its own men and affairs, and if one speaking with authority should at once identify a member of its staff described as "active" with the printer's devil, it is not our business to carp, though the suggestion seems unkind to the reporters for example, who during the election contest have fully appreciated Sir Boyle Roche's difficulty, that not being a bird he could not be in two places at the same time. Mr. Maclure, however, is not a man to fear or waste his breath upon a painted devil; and it is just possible that in the years that have elapsed since he made his Radical declaration, the generation which has arisen in the *Courier* office to adulate Mr. Disraeli's *coup d'état*, knows not, or has forgotten, the hissing Joseph. If, for example, in the natural course of promotion by merit the active member of the *Courier* staff who opposed the Radical tendencies of his party in 1865, had since been appointed to a leading post upon the *Standard*, and in virtue of his local knowledge was supposed to keep a specially sharp eye upon the course of Lancashire politics, Mr. Maclure's personal reference would at once be invested with a double motive. It would mean that the attack made upon him in the *Standard* was the work of an old antagonist, and that that antagonist had been proved in the case of a previous collision to have been mistaken in his sibilations. This theory may not be true, but will be recognised as more consistent with Mr. Maclure's familiar method than the suggestion of the *Courier*, of which the untruth is certain.

With respect to the shameful hoax practised upon the *Courier* at the expense of the Dean it is unnecessary now to say anything. It has been suggested that the clumsy trick was the revengeful act of a well known ecclesiastical writer, whose name had been taken in vain by the *Courier* a

few weeks before. With all his faults, however, we are inclined, acting on the maxim that the accused in a case is entitled to the benefit of any existing doubt, to believe that "Promotion by Merit" is incapable of forgery, and we incline to believe that the enemy, whose weak invention this was, must have been a Pothome Protestant. We have no right, however, to feel undue surprise that the most immaculate amongst us should be suspected of the foulest crimes when we find Mr. William Birch, junr., of all men, the author of a practical joke, and apparently unrepentant upon conviction of sin. If to suppose an honourable opponent capable of ratting from his party at the moment of its defeat, and to tempt him to desertion upon easy terms while he is yet smarting under accumulated disappointments, and is believed to be overwhelmed by the difficulties in which the committee over which he presides has been left, is Mr. Birch's idea of a joke, we shall make no bid for his services as a contributor. Indeed we had as lief print one of his sermons as half-a-dozen of his lines. The *Guardian*, which, editorially considered, would be a very good daily paper if its conductor could be allowed a week to meditate and make up his mind upon current events, put on its most vinegar aspect, refused to see the jest until the town had been amazed and amused by it for twenty-four hours, and it had been endorsed as laughable by city Nestors. Next day the *Guardian* cried sour grapes, and shed tears of regret so bitter that it forgot to be grammatical over Mr. Birch's lamentable backsliding. We admire our contemporary's exquisite delicacy upon this occasion. Mr. Birch is an accessible and kindly man, and might easily have been interviewed between the prayers in his Free Trade Hall services, and the authenticity of his letter might have been ascertained. Mr. Maclure is said, before now, to have entertained a reporter hospitably at his table, even on Sunday, and would gladly, no doubt, have unbosomed himself to any of the genial emissaries of a newspaper so genteel. While Mr. Birch's conduct is in every way indefensible, it should be remembered in his favour that he is a simple-minded, as well as a somewhat eccentric, man, and has latterly shown himself amenable to influences to which, in the interest of his important life-work, we regret that he should for a moment subordinate himself. Mr. Birch's protrusion into the Council, for example, was a great mistake. His other engagements render him an inefficient representative, and a practical worker little to be depended upon. His return at the last election was chiefly meant to serve the exigencies of his political party in Hulme. It is scarcely likely that the whipper snappers who have taken advantage of Mr. Birch's abounding good nature are colleagues in his good works; and it is not venturing too much to wish that a preacher and philanthropist who is universally respected and much loved, should keep himself unspotted from party trickery and horseplay scarcely excusable in a school-boy. That he has taken an unwarrantable liberty with Mr. Maclure's name in proposing that gentleman as a member of the Reform Club without his consent is undeniable, but we are not of those who profess to be astonished at his impudence in addressing the chairman of the Conservative party as "my dear Maclure." It is to the honour of both men that they were intimately associated in the relief of distress during the cotton famine, and the letters which passed between them at such a time might be studied to greater advantage, and would show more to the credit of both men than their latter day correspondence. And grievously as Mr. Birch has erred, Mr. Maclure has put himself out of the court of sympathy by the virulence and bad temper with which he has assailed the sinner. His insinuation that Mr. Birch could not be responsible for his actions at the time he made the obnoxious entry in the proposal book at the Reform Club, in a country which pays its war debts out of excise, is capable only of one meaning. Mr. Birch, however, though a genial, is not a convivial man, and the shaft, as directed against him, fell harmless. That the weapon was viciously sped can, however, be at once conceived, by the simple process of supposing a change of cases. Mr. Maclure did and said some strange things during the election contest, but we should be sorry to insult him by supposing that he was not responsible for his wildest flights. That Mr. Birch is no gentleman, the suggestion that he is one "who loveth and maketh a lie," and that he will have to answer for his great wickedness hereafter, are bits of childish vituperation of which we regret to believe Mr. Maclure guilty. They are on a par with the imbecile logic which concludes that because a Dissenter has made a bad joke, therefore the Established Church is "desirable rather than itinerant professors like yourself." Mr. Maclure in his time has made many bad jokes. To what low estate must that Church have fallen of which he is the champion and defender!

## THE PROPOSED MASKED BALL.

ON Friday next, or rather on Saturday morning next, it is advertised that a "Masked Ball" will take place in a certain locality in Manchester. Many people will deplore the existence in our midst of a place of resort like the so-called Argyll Assembly Rooms. These people are, doubtless, straitlaced to a certain extent. The Argyll Rooms may be considered harmless enough, viewed dispassionately in the light of modern times, and this is the light in which we would wish to regard both the place and its frequenters. Were we, however, to talk or write of the proposed masked ball in the same manner, we should not expect to find many sympathisers among wise and respectable people. The last century has seen, in England, a revolution in people's minds as to what shall or shall not be considered decent, and in the case of the masked ball the verdict of public opinion has been condemnatory. It is true that, recently, in fashionable metropolitan circles an attempt has been made to revive this abominable species of amusement in a mitigated form, but we imagine that, even now, no London magistrate would ever dream of granting a license to sell drink at such an entertainment until six o'clock in the morning. The magistrates of Manchester, however, have done more than dream of this course, they have actually adopted it, as we presume from what we read. The result of this magisterial action may very well be imagined. It will not be difficult to form an estimate of the character and habits of persons who would attend a ball at the place mentioned, which begins after midnight, and is prolonged until six in the morning. It will not be at all difficult to appraise broadly before-hand the nature of the proceedings at such an entertainment. Attention has already been called to this matter in a very able letter in the *Examiner and Times*, and we should like to back up the writer in his inquiries as to who is responsible for this grave and disgraceful error. Is it too much to inquire what are the views on the question of public morality of the authorities who granted a license for indiscriminate drinking, at an odious assembly, from midnight on Friday until six on Saturday morning? It has long been whispered that Mr. Reilly's places of amusement have been treated with especial favour by the city authorities, but surely this last instance is too gross to be passed over with a whisper, and we have only done our duty by calling attention to it. The whole matter requires investigation. The person who is to sell refreshments hails from Bolton. Is it possible that a license could not be obtained by a Manchester man? Is this the thin end of the wedge; and is it hoped that a perpetual license will be obtained for this establishment? In reviewing the latter possibility, we can only say, in the interest of morality, Heaven forbid!

## REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.

THE Old Fogie is occasionally too much for us. This week, for instance, he has sent us a long contribution about his lodgings and a pie which his landlady made for him. He says in the first part of the article, which we suppress, that he has been at it nearly a week, and has hardly made any impression on it.

## THAT MUTTON PIE.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
The sight of it offends my eye;  
As on that pie my eye I cast,  
I wish that I could look my last.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
The crust is hard and stale and dry;  
When on that pie my glances light,  
It takes away my appetite.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
As underneath the crust I pry,  
In search of something good to eat,  
I gain no comfort from the feat.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
I am most confident that I—  
Were I to act like any glutton,  
Could ne'er get through that pie of mutton.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
I sigh and chaw, I chaw and sigh;  
I chaw, I sigh, but all in vain,  
Next day that pie appears again.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
My temper it is all awry;  
With cheerful mind I cannot view it,  
I know I never shall get through it.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
The mutton bone I could desery,  
With less of anger and disgust—  
That mutton bone has got no crust.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
For worlds I would not tell a lie;  
And yet on mild prevarication,  
I'd venture without hesitation.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
No means of riddance I espy;  
I have no place to which to throw it,  
For worlds I would not let her know it.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
She thinks my principles are high;  
The least attempt at telling lies  
Would make them lower in her eyes.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
It's worse the more I put it by,  
The more it's kept the worse it grows—  
It's bad already, goodness knows.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
Would make a hungry angel cry;  
A pie that has a crust like that,  
And nought inside but lumps of fat!

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
With all that's bad on earth may vie;  
I sit before it in despair,  
It looks the worse the more I stare.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
When I have other fish to fry;  
I always have upon my mind,  
The mutton pie I've left behind.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
Will anybody tell me why  
My scruples I should thus indulge?—  
It's fate I will at length divulge.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
Out from the window I will shie,  
With care, for I by no means wish  
My landlady to lose the dish.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
It falls like manna from the sky;  
And as I watch the sparrow's meal,  
I cannot hide the joy I feel.

That mutton pie! that mutton pie!  
Of rhyming more the muse grows shy;  
Aware that though one may endeavour,  
One cannot well find rhymes for ever.

## HOW TO MAKE "NATIVE" OYSTERS.

[BY A FISH OUT OF WATER.]

ONCE upon a time, oh! so many years ago, in a city not a bit like Manchester, there lived a magician who had discovered a great and important secret, viz., "How to make native oysters." It was a secret known only to a few, a very few, and these were the magician's most intimate friends. This is the way he proceeded, and his success was most astounding:—

He formed a limited liability company—oh, yes, there were L.L.C.'s in those days just as there are now—and took splendid offices, and had hundreds of servants, male and female, and he entitled the company, in the special Act under which it was incorporated, as follows, viz.:—"The Mutual-Dining-in-Town-and-Co-operative-Exchange-Catch-'em-Alive-and-Native-Oyster-Company-Limited." The prospectus was printed on toned paper in green and gold—oh, my! weren't the people green to part with their gold—and part of it ran as follows, viz.:—"This company is formed



for the express purpose of filling a man's stomach and emptying his pockets. It will be worked on the principle of exchange, and every patron may be assured that he will get his money's worth—or some of it. N.B.—*Oysters will be provided all the year round, and none but NATIVES will be sold on the premises.*"

Then went a cry up from the city that the company was a good company, and one deserving of all support, and the shares went up to par—oh, yes, and above par, and soon the public were revelling in native oysters, served in the most approved manner, and were swarming into the gorgeous gilded saloons of the Catch-'em-Alive-Company-Limited. And the diners-in-town ate oysters all the year round and swore by the delicate shells on which the succulent bivalves were served that, "I' faith, they were rarely good." And scores of men gulped some scores of oysters and smacked their lips; oh, yes! and the magician smiled as he saw how well his plan succeeded. But a time came when a certain section of the outside public, men belonging to the families of the Bulls and Bears, who never ate oysters, spread strange rumours concerning the magician. Dark looks were thrown upon him, and eventually a vigilance committee was appointed to discuss the truth of the rumours. For three days and three nights they disappeared, and when at last they presented themselves in public, in the place called Onch Ange, their faces were haggard and drawn, and they all exhibited signs of sea-sickness. With trembling hands they unfolded a scroll and read the report of their investigation, as follows, viz. :—

"It is with feelings of great pain that we have to present a statement in regard to the head boss of this agreeable Dining-in-Town-Company; but, alas! it must be done. We have discovered how he furnishes us with oysters all the year round. For three days and nights we have been hidden in the underground caverns of his establishment, and this is what we have seen: In an inner cellar, dimly lighted, sat a man, attired in shirt-sleeves and an apron, by whose side stood a barrel of salt water filled with oysters of large size, which were singing merrily 'Yankee Doodle.' They were from the distant shores of America! Alas! that it should be so! (Groans and expressions of horror.) To his left hand was a smaller barrel, also filled with oysters, singing in broken English, 'Schneider, how you vas?' They were from Holland. Alas! that it should be so! (Here the deputation wept.) While we listened to the sweet songs the man whittled a piece of wood with an oyster knife and cried out, 'Now then for native shells!' In an instant an impish youth rushed in with a bucketful of native shells, and crying out, 'The gent has only just cleared 'em up!' vanished. The man grimly opened an American oyster, trimmed it neatly down to the dimensions of a native, and placed it on one of the shells the imp had brought in. Thus he proceeded, mixing the Dutch with the Yankee, taking the beards off and 'faking' them (excuse the term, gentlemen) with marvellous dexterity. Presently the imp returned: 'Hi, here now, four score natives,' and seizing the dish in which the man had placed them, vanished upstairs. Gentlemen, we felt sea-sick and faint. This is how we have native oysters all the year round."

Silence fell upon the throng in Onch Ange for a moment, but next minute there was a terrible roar, and each vowed to take it out of the magician. They rushed to the premises of the Catch-'em-Alive-Company-Limited—but, lo and behold! they had dissolved into thin air, and the magician was seen rising into the clouds.

Oh, yes, this happened ever such a long time ago, and it was not near Manchester, and yet we can now have "natives" all the year round—perhaps!

### THE LAWYERS AT DINNER.

It is an old proverb that no man is a hero to his own valet. No matter what his reputation may be out of doors, the moment he gets on his slippers his villainy is unmasked, and he stands out in all the naked

deformity of his crooked nature to the gaze of those whom it is not his interest to blind or his policy to bamboozle. Thus it is that we have all two natures. Even the best of us, steady "go-to-meeting" people though we may be, are actually playing a double part in spite of our strenuous endeavours to persuade ourselves and others that we are not as other men are. Well, if this is true of individuals, it is much more so of societies; and we were never more impressed with the truth of this theory than in contemplating the lawyers at dinner, at the Albion Hotel, on Tuesday night. In saying this, we would wish to be understood as inferring that we think our case is proved by the exception rather than the rule; for surely there was never a more lugubrious assembly than the one to which we refer. We knew lawyers to be a dignified and sedate body, but even the legal mind may unbend sometimes, and, with the wig thrown on the ground, play high jinks. This dinner showed a marked contrast to a similar gathering a few weeks ago, when the light and jovial buoyancy of our sportive Attorney-General quite shed a brilliancy over the scene. But perhaps the cause of this falling-off is not far to seek. The one was a dinner of law-clerks, proverbially a wicked and boisterous lot, whose pleasures are not always tempered with discretion, whilst the other was a gathering of staid old fogies, who seemed to have laid aside for ever the sprightliness of their youth, and were as musty as their own ponderous tomes. We would not wish to be considered as advocating that these annual dinners should be turned into bacchanalian orgies, but still we see no reason why the united wisdom of the lawyers of Manchester should not result in something better than the dull monotonous proceedings of this anniversary. There was not a live local judge among them, and surely, with a little skilful bribing, one could have been procured. Certainly there were two live mayors there, to wit, their worships of Manchester and Salford, and their gold chains were the only sparkle in the affair. We can remember the time when the quaint humour of the late Mr. Cobbett quite lit up these gatherings with a lambent flame, and although Mr. Bateson Wood's dry caustic manner has a good deal of individuality in it, yet there was a lamentable lack of good speaking power. We should recommend the promoters in future to join issue—we beg pardon, the lawyers—to join ranks with the medical students, and the amalgamation so obtained would be a much more enjoyable article than the present decorous dull one.

### A CHALLENGE!

The Editor of  
THE "CITY JACKDAW"  
offers a reward of

£1,000

to anyone who will prove that

THE ARDWICK PUBLICANS

gave away more

DRINK

on the polling day of the last election than they sold.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the *City Jackdaw*, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the sender.

We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us.

*Right Wheel.*—We must put a spoke in your wheel.

*How the Postage Stamps are Wasted.*—It may be as you say; but you have furnished an excellent example by your own act.

*H. F., and numerous others.*—We merely published it as a rumour brought to us.

You will see that it is confirmed by fact. What more do you want?

*Where will it end!*—In the waste paper basket, as far as we have anything to do with its destiny.

*J. Folke.*—Not sufficiently interesting to other folks.

*H. P. (Nowhere).*—You need not be frightened. We should be as ashamed of publishing your contribution as you are of seeing your name and address in print.

*A Few Tips.*—You must have been tipsy when you wrote them.

*Shop Girl.*—We may devote some attention to this subject next week.

*An Old Nuisance Inspector.*—You are an old nuisance yourself. Why not look at home?

*F. E. Crane.*—Could your cranium produce nothing better?

DECLINED, WITH THANKS.—Several communications received last week; also "Amos;" "Ephemera;" "A Judicious Question;" "What to do with our Drunkards."

MARCH 8, 1876.]

THE CITY JACKDAW.

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MARCH 3, 1876.]

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[MARCH 8, 1878.]

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